TELEPHONE,
7287 CITY.

38,
Brunswick Square,
W.C.

June 24. 1912.

Ashcham.

Monday

My Vicki,

I was quite unnecessary to mark
us for coming, considering how we
both enjoyed ourselves. My
husband says he never met any one
he liked so much. Yes I know there is
something very like Thoby about him,
not only in his face. I feel I
shall get fearfully spoilt. But
at the same time he'll keep
me in good condition as
far as other things go. But
want it he could if ever she goes

Care, my character, which promised to
walk, finally rots in marriage?
We've been spending Sunday here – absolutely
Divine – but everything has over-grown
during the week. We are now taking
the garden in hand & going to write for
a longer lease. I'm inclined to start with
only rooms in London, until we see how
much we've got. It seems idiotic to
put Leonard into an office. For the sake of
a bigger income. I hope you realise
that I shall not talk less about money –
my own affairs now. I mean you must
make up your mind to go on chastening
me. Sophie was very proud of the flowers,
which were put out in the middle of the
bread she was baking. Shall we see
you again? We go back this afternoon. –
have to face Aunt Ritchie tomorrow –
I'm having 2 dreams made by hellgi woman.

Yrs VS.

T.

TELEPHONE,
7287 CITY.

38,
Brunswick Square,
W.C.

July 5. 1912

My Violet,

Unluckily we've got some one coming down to Cheham this week, or we should have liked to come very much. Shall you be in London at all? We're plucking up courage, now that we're more or less dressed to go & see George, but it does take a lot of virtue. Plans appear every day — I've just been riding in Richmond with L. great fun, though the horse was surprised.

(working hard) } V-S.

TELEPHONE,
7287 CITY.

38,
Brunswick Square,
W.C.

July 13 - 1912

My Violet

I feel quite incapable of saying
What I want for a wedding
present, though I expect I want
Everything. At this moment
We vaguely think of rooms in
Greys Inn — they'd be very small,
but cheap, & sufficient for a start.
However, we haven't let these yet,
& our plans depend on that. I
think you must wait till the
autumn. Leonard hasn't got got a
profession — the Board of Trade wanted
just him a bit, but we thanked

have to take it at once; & get no Holiday
till next June, & that doesn't seem
worth while.
Writing Lord; he has some journalism
to do, & my novel is at last dying —
How sad when it's done!
I think some of it very, or rather, amusing:
& as it gets shovel out of my head, another
begins; but next year I must have a child.
I saw Kelly yesterday: it seemed to me
the most ghastly fate imaginable — to
sit & work on at the people talking all
over. Shall I see you again
We expect to marry about the 6th or
7th August. Yr V.S.
My Garland is much too good for me — but I'm
very happy.

Little Talland House,
Firle, Lewes,
Sussex.

August 5. 1912.

My Violet.

I suppose you are hunting or fishing somewhere or other — so I doubt whether you will get this, but want to much love if you don't, believe I am without ideas. We are going to our registry office to-day week, attended by a singular old cousin, who frets if you whistle, & gallops if you sing, George, in white waistcoat, hessa in Turkish silk, & Aunt Mary with a crutch — She has again been blown over a milk cart —

in her widows weeds. Then we go to
the Quantock Hills - where I dont know for
4 days - & then straight off to
France, Spain & Italy.
We shall be back in October.
At first we shall stay at
Brunswick Sq: but we hope to
take rooms somewhere this week.
Everything has been left to the last -
but the Novels are finished - so
that is a great relief. In october
we shall read them over, & decide
whether they are to go straight into Hall.
I shall write to you from some remote
Hill top - for might
Lends his love -

GS.

NYPL

~~29~~,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

38 Brunswick Sqre
W.C.

Oct 11th 1912.

My Violet,

Yesterday, hastening to go into one of the bachelor sitting rooms, I discovered a cradle, fit for the illegitimate son of an Empress. When I brought forth my theory however, they fathered the cradle ~~of~~ on me. I blushed, disclaimed any ~~all~~ insertion & so on; & blushing leant my elbow on a table. "What a beautiful table this is anyhow!" I exclaimed, thinking to lead the conversation away from my lost virginity & the probable fruits of it. The table was disclaimed too. But by

bit I pieced together the story – how a great packing case had arrived how Miss Dickinson &c &c. Nobody but Miss Dickinson could deal with the facts explicit so boldly of course. Nobody else ever wanted old Rhoda to such effect. My baby shall sleep in the cradle; I'm going to eat my dinner off the table to night. We got back almost a week ago, & I begin to wonder if marriage is a fair, & makes one's friends not speak to one. You might write – I'm here circumlocuted to unpack a golden cross, once belonging to Mrs Washington – weren't you interested to hear the sound? We had a splendid holiday – Spain, France, Italy. Here we've entered upon moving into rooms in Cliffords Inn, I think; just off the Strand, but secret, & Chas will do for us. My husband sends his love – rather formal

Yours